

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Polly and Oujia Board.

By H. LEWIS RAYBOLD

THE position of flagman at Saunders Crossing, where the railroad company gave John Peters, when he injured his foot while acting as brakeman on one of their trains, his delights and his torments. It was an easy job with considerable leisure time attached but it afforded him too frequently the sight of Polly Carr, who lived in the little red house at the top of the hill.

Not that Polly was disagreeable to look upon. Quite the contrary. Any girls pleasant to see whose eyes sparkle with the joy of living, whose curving mouth turns upward at the corners and in whose cheeks shines the glow of health and youth. But when John hurt his foot he gave up the thought of Polly. Ask a girl to marry a cripple, with nothing better than a job of flagging trains? Well, he should say not. And Polly, who had been all on tip-toe for the question to which she could go truthfully say "yes" was left to wonder if she had been mistaken in thinking he cared.

Now Polly, otherwise eminently sensible, was the most superstitious little body imaginable. She tapped on wood, she backed out of the house in order to get the first proper view of the moon, she shivered with apprehension when her neighbor's black Tommy crossed her path, and if the village store had only carried love philters in stock, Polly could have bought one long ago. As it was, she was aware of no means of inspiring love in a man who didn't feel any or causing him to declare to it if he did.

Then one bright May morning the northbound train slowed down and stopped at the crossing. Out stepped Polly's up-country aunt with umbrella and traveling bag.

Polly was glad to see her aunt, partly because she was fond of her, and very glad because now it would be quite all right to invite John Peters to supper. If she had known that Aunt Susan carried in her bag something which would prove more efficacious in John's case than any love philter, she would have fallen on her aunt's neck and blessed her. That something was a ouija board.

When John received from Polly the invitation to supper he had half a mind to refuse. It was going to be difficult for him to be with her for several hours, realizing her desirability and his own hard luck. Yet some wistfulness of tone or glance made him yield and accept.

"I'll initiate you into the mysteries of the ouija board," she promised. "Aunt and I work with it every evening. And every single thing it says is true!" she added solemnly.

Ordinarily John had three hours at supper time with neither north nor southbound train was due at the crossing. On the very night of Polly's invitation, however, he was notified by the dispatcher at the Junction to throw the switch for a freight which would show up shortly before the express. As he limped up the hill to the red house at the top he repeated over and over to himself, "Switch the freight—switch the freight."

Throughout the meal, delicious evidence of Polly's ability to cook, he kept his brain working at the words, even as he praised with masculine appreciation the featherweight biscuits, steak done exactly right, and flaky pie. After supper Aunt Susan gave Polly a little push. "I'm going to wash up, child. You run along in the parlor and entertain Mr. Peters." And Polly, after one dutiful, but weak protest obeyed.

"Let's get out the ouija board," she suggested. "You ask it the first question and what happens!"

So John, thinking now how pretty Polly's pink cheeks were, washed to know if it would rain in the morning. Heads close together, fingers resting lightly on the triangular bit of wood, the waited for the ouija spirit to start working. Polly pouted when John didn't seem impressed at the vaguely indefinite reply of "Maybe." Question followed question, turn about, with more—or less—marvelous response. Then Polly, her color deepening a bit, inquired if he would ever marry.

"Some day," came the answer. "Who?" dared Polly.

John, his fingers trembling in spite of himself, awaited the answer with trepidation. What was Polly—or the ouija board—up to?

Slowly the letters spelled out into a word.

"A s-w-l-t-c-h-m-e-n."

John sprang up as if shot. Down clattered the board and planchette. Seizing his cane, the man leaped to the front door, opened it, and was gone. Polly, thunderstruck, stood where she had risen, her cheeks drained of their rosiest. What was it? It couldn't be—how silly of her even to think of it. John wouldn't leave like that because he thought he was being proposed to. But there was something wrong.

Quickly she went out to the little porch. Far, far down the hill sounded the tap-tap of John's cane and his swift footfalls. There was another sound—slow, monotonous, rumbling—then a whistle for the crossing. But there was no train due now! Suddenly through John's hasty exit. He had been told to switch the train! And the words on the ouija board had been his reminder.

She must find out if he got there in time. Hatless, coatless, she ran down the hill, only to meet John, breathing heavily, on the way back.

"Were you in time?" he cried.

"Thank heaven, yes!" he answered. Then, "Polly," he demanded, quickly, "what was that answer going to be?"

Polly gulped down a little sob. "O—can't you guess?" she asked.

"A switchman?" he said slowly.

"Me?" And as Polly was silent he continued wondering, "Would you marry a cripple?"

"I wouldn't call any man a cripple that could get down the hill like I!" flashed Polly.

With a happy sigh John yielded to temptation. "I have wanted you so, Polly dear," he whispered.

"Isn't the ouija board wonderfully said Polly a minute later from the depths of John's shoulder.

John patted her lovingly. "Well, it couldn't do much more for a man than save his reputation and give him his first girl, now could it?" he said.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

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The Oujia Board Warns Chrys Against Marrying.

Friction is bound to develop, now and then, between the best intentioned members of a family, I suppose. Chrys and I often found our opinions at variance, and I usually discovered that I was the one who had to keep the friction from developing into a flame. Chrys' obsession with her ouija board and her faith in what is revealed and her intention to follow spirit guidance to the far ends of the earth were particularly trying to me.

I decided to turn her mind into a new channel. A "substitution of ideas" so often helps the ultra-emotional—when they will permit the change. Thus a movie or play or concert is good medicine for a nervous nagging wife as well as a tired and fretful business man.

This theory of the substitution of ideas, of introducing pleasant in place of horrid thoughts, is one which could be adopted to the advantage of a good many homes.

One morning, simply in order to get Chrys' mind away from her obsession with the supernatural, I introduced the name of Jordan Spence as an agreeable subject connoting delightful possibilities.

"When will the wedding be?" I asked.

"Certainly not until I've divorced the other man," replied my sister. It was plain that she was not in a pleasant mood. "I am not going to take up the matter until Daddy is with us again. And then—maybe—" Chrys stopped abruptly.

"Maybe I will never marry at all!" I put down my darling and gave my entire attention to the girl who made this unexpected and extraordinary announcement. Finally I managed to gasp:

"Not marry! When you and Spence are mad about each other?"

"We are almost consecrated to each other. Yes, it is quite as bad as all that, my dear. But you see I never want to fall out of love with him! And I couldn't go on living if he stopped loving me!"

"Oh! I see what's the matter. You've been reading too many accounts of afflictions! Too many Spiker and Shippey cases!"

"Change is the law of life, Jane. Our

bodies today are unlike what they were yesterday. Our minds change, our opinions change. Perhaps that is the reason why love is said to be so unstable. I couldn't bear to risk that with Jordan, you know. I'd rather marry him. I'd rather part with him while he still adores me. I'd rather die an old maid! I really would!"

"My goodness, Chrysobel Lorimer! That brand of modern wisdom is a curse! There's a way most wives might keep love in the family, if they would take pains. Let them keep out of ruts, and fit up the inside of their heads with new ideas just as often as they fit the outside with new clothes!"

"A man—a husband—ought to do the same thing, I should say." "You talk as if Jordan Spence were just ordinary. You know he isn't," I stormed. "Think of his grand purpose—he has dedicated his life to the service of little babies. A week ago you were wild to help him. Now you consider the advisability of becoming an old maid! What's happened?"

"The ouija board warned me," said Chrys.

"Oh, la! la! You'd spoil your life—and his—on a hunch from a kinder-garten toy! What did it say?"

"I wrote it all out—and since you're so anxious to know, I'll read the message to you. Here it is." Then Chrys read:

"Most love is based upon magnetic attraction. But this attraction is transient. It is in the nature of objects which magnetize each other that when they reach the same state of vibration the attraction ceases and a violent repulsion may be set up. This repulsion between two persons who have been in love accounts for many divorces."

"You spelled all that out on the ouija board?"

Chrys nodded.

"My dear, you're fooling yourself," I ventured. "I've read that stuff myself. So have you and now you have dug it out of your subconscious mind and spelled it off and attributed the wisdom to your spirit control. My dear, I'll never take any more interest in that ouija board," I said. "But the quotation is good, no matter where it came from."

Spanish Color
Combinations
Used in BlouseBY CORA MOORE
New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, March 12—Here is an entirely new suggestion in the already overworked blouse idea. It was adapted by Bessie Clayton for wear at home.

The skirt is of blocked worsted, great diamond shapes alternating red and green, outlined in black. Topping this is a black satin blouse that has an odd little flare section inset at the sides and being piped all around with red satin. A section of the red is inserted in the long, close-fitting sleeves.

GEORGETOWN

Edward Thorne, who has been on the sick list the past few days, is not much better.

Mrs. Frank Youst and daughter, Josephine, spent last Thursday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shuman, at Hagans.

N. E. Fisher was calling at Edward Thorne's one day last week.

Rev. A. M. Hammond returned home last week after spending a week at Parkersburg at a church convention.

Dennis Thorne was at Fairmont last Tuesday.

John Johnson went up to Fairmont Tuesday on a business trip.

Elsie Baker was a business caller at Morgantown one day last week.

Dr. Will Stewart was called to New York last week to attend the funeral of his cousin, Roy Stewart. Mr. Stewart was the son of Col. Stewart and his many friends will be sorry to learn of his death.

Mrs. A. M. Hammond was visiting at Mrs. Jarrett Lynch's one night last week.

Miss Lullie Snider of Fairmont, spent Sunday at home.

Arthur Arnett, of Fairmont, spent Sunday at Emery Snider's.

Mrs. Charles Hess was visiting Mrs.

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SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

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Sometimes, in spite of one, a freshly ironed garment will bear traces of a slight scorch. It's always a calamity to have to re-laundry anything before wearing, but a yellow mark is unsightly, to say the least, and something must be done.

If the scorch is not deep all evidence of it may be removed by placing the garment in the sunshine. I managed to scorch the front of a sport waist the other day when I was ironing it. I put the waist in a sunny window and presto—in an hour or so—the stain had disappeared.

Even delicately colored clothes stand this treatment without additional fading. Cover all except the spot with a dark cloth to protect the garment from the rays of the sun.

Menu for Tomorrow.

Breakfast—Halves of grape fruit, bacon, graham gems, coffee.

Luncheon—Creamed potatoes, cold meat, bread and butter, jelly, walnut pudding, tea.

Dinner—Boiled ham, Martinique potatoes, spinach, creamed carrots, March pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

Some women who have lots of unexpected guests are never without a ham. At certain times of the year people in the country are dependent on ham for meat. Whether boiled, baked, fried or broiled, ham is delicious and nourishing. There is no meat that works up into such toothsome left-overs.

WALNUT PUDDING.

1-3 cup sugar.
1-2 cup cream of wheat.
1 cup walnuts.
2 eggs.

John Fortney at Flagg Meadow a few days last week.

Mrs. Belle Snider still continues sick and not much better.

Bud Snider, of Fairmont, was visiting at James Arnett's a few days ago.

Mrs. Grover Snider, who has been on the sick list with grip, is well.

Arthur Arnett, of Fairmont, spent Sunday at James Arnett's.

Mr. and Mrs. James Arnett were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Satterfield at Brady.

Mrs. Charles Hess spent a few days last week at Tom Newbraugh's at Lowesville.

The Easter exercises will be held at the Arnettville church at night. A big time is expected. The people were to meet on last Tuesday night to arrange the program at Grover Snider's.

Frank Robey, of Lowesville, spent Sunday at his home at Georgetown.

Leona Satterfield, of Brady, is visiting at her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Arnett's.

DAYBROOK.

The public schools at Daybrook have been closed by the order of the Board of Education, acting with the Board of Health, for the county, on account of the "flu." Forty-eight cases of the malady have developed in this school district in the last week.

The South Penn Oil company is taking up all the stray tracts of land in the Fairview district. They are going to drill the old field over. A bonus of \$4 per acre was paid on one tract.

The H. C. L. has no terrors for the young men and women of this vicinity. There were two weddings last Saturday evening, and more to follow.

The contracting parties Saturday were

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Lace Patterns--
a New Design
Every Week

FIRST STITCHES.

Chain Stitch—The thread drawn through the loop.

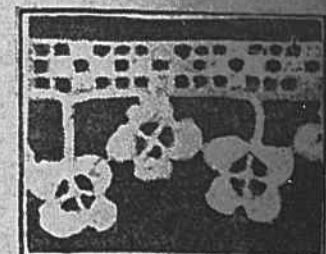
Open Mesh—A double crochet into a chain or the material, two chain stitches and a double crochet.

Closed Mesh—Four double crochet stitches into a chain or material.

Turn—Five chain stitches to turn. If your pattern called for sixteen stitches—chain 21 and double crochet into the seventh stitch from the needle.

ST. PATRICK'S FOUR LEAF CLOVER.

The following pattern if worked in thread of about 50 to 100 is a good edge for undermuslin; if worked in 50 or 60, a fine towel edge, and if



worked in heavy ecru thread will be appropriate for a library scarf or plano scarf.

Chain twelve stitches and double crochet into the fifth stitch from the needle. Chain two and double crochet into the third stitch from the last double crochet. This will make a row of three leaf squares. Make one open mesh, one closed mesh, one open mesh and turn.

Third Row—One closed mesh, one open mesh, one closed mesh and turn.

Fourth Row—One open mesh, one closed mesh, one open mesh and turn. Continue on until the lace is the proper length, then turn and fill first mesh with single crochet stitches. Make a chain of 15 stitches and single crochet into the fifth stitch from the needle making a ring. Chain the three and double crochet into the continue until you have made four open meshes and catch the last three chain stitches (making the last mesh) to the third of the six chain stitches which make the first mesh. In catching this stitch also catch the second chain stitch from the center on the stem. This makes the clover stand correctly.

Single crochet into the first mesh, double crochet and six triple crochet, then a double crochet and a single crochet and a slip stitch to the pillar. Continue on until you have finished four of these leaves, then single crochet up the stem and single crochet five meshes on the lace. Then chain 10 stitches and single crochet into the fifth stitch from the needle, making the ring. Continue on as at first, but in making the second petal catch it to the first petal of the previous clover.

Continue on as above described, always allowing five meshes between each four leaf clover and catching each with the previous one. The best way to determine just where to attach is to lay the lace on a flat surface and make the leaves come together at the most advantageous point.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank our friends and neighbors for kindness and sympathy during the sickness and death of husband and father, F. M. Hawkinberry. Also for the floral tributes and use of automobiles.

MRS. MARY HAWKINBERRY,
W. C. HAWKINBERRY,
AND FAMILY.

Cloth From Pineapples.

Aside from its edible qualities the pineapple is little known in this country, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. In China, however, it is especially cultivated for the use of the leaves in making cloth. The fiber is extracted from the leaves by a simple process and made into thread. It is then run on bobbins and spools and is ready for weaving, the old native looms being employed.

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